Three Songs.

1568 1816

Young Doctor Stafford.

The Sailor Prentice Boy.

Donald of Dundee.

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Young Doctor Stafford.

ONE evening as I was walking
down by the banks of Moll,
I having all things ready,
just going to see a friend;
It's there I spied a young man,
of wit and beauty bright,
And to my sad misfortune
he prov'd my heart's delight.

I cannot blame this young man,
because he does not know.
That he's ensnar'd my foolish heart,
and caused me this woe;
The want of money I'm afraid,
will my sad ruin prove,
One look of his sweet glances
would cure the pains of love.

We'll send for Dr Richison,
he being a man of skill,
To see the weaver's daughter,
who is lying very ill;
To see the weaver's daughter
on sick-bed where she lay
All for the doctor's prentice
who stole her heart away.

It's came Doctor Richiſon,
likewiſe his brother John,
Alſo the doctor's prentice,
for they all came in;
They ſtood before her bedſide,
they ſtood all in a row,
But when ſhe ſaw young Stafford,
her colour pale did grow.

She lifted up her head from the pillow,
where ſhe lay,
She ſaid young doctor Stafford,
love, uſe me tenderly,
He handed her a drink,
and not one word did ſay,
Tears came rolling down her cheeks
on the pillow where ſhe lay.

She lifted up her head,
and with a heavy ſigh ſaid ſhe,
I pray you doctor Stafford,
love, uſe me tenderly;
For I am ſick and very bad,
and in a deep decay.
He ſaid my dear if you be ſpar'd,
it's married we ſhall be.

He ſlipped off his ſhoes,
and ſoftly went behind,
And for three weeks and better,
he did her cloſe attend,

The laſt words that ſhe ſpoke,
her voice was ſlow but clear;
All goodneſs be my darlings guide,
he's the boy that I love dear,

I am a ſporting young man,
ſcarce eighteen years of age,
And many a pretty fair maid
did with me engage,
Many a handſome fair maid
has fallen in love with me,
But the weaver's daughter lov'd me beſt,
ſhe died for love of me.

One evening as I walked down
by her father's land,
A weſt came o'er my ſhoulder,
which put me to a ſtand,
The neighbours they did ſay
that her ſpirit it haunts me,
But I'm ſure they are wrong,
for ſhe left no blame on me.

It's ſtraightway in bedlame,
this young man was confin'd,
Quite bereaft of ſenſes,
and now in chains bound;
Her fleeting ſpirit came to him
ſaying, young man revive,
For I never was ordain'd
to be your wedded wife.

THE PRENTICE BOY.

BY my indentures I was bounsd
To serve my time upon the ea;
But I had not sailed a voyage but one,
Till I fell in love with a young woman,
Lal de lal, lal de, &c.

The first time I my love did see,
Was dancing in her company,
With her yellow hair and rolling eye,
She stole my heart, and for her I die.
Lal de, &c.

To our boatswain stout and bold,
My secrets all I did unfold,
I love yon girl as I love my life,
What would I give that she were my wife.
Lal de, &c.

O foolish boy! what makes you to think
That ever you will her enjoy,
For her own lover is out at sea,
And she'll be married or you get free.
Lal de, &c.

But O says I, I'll go and try,
Perhaps that she will fancy I,
Perhaps she will alter her mind for me,
And fall in love with a prentice boy.
Lal de, &c.

I bought her ribbans rings and gloves,
And I did convey them to my love;

She did accept them, she was not shy,
Although I was but a prentice boy.
Lal de, &c.

Our ship being rigg'd ready to sail,
With all our jolly ship's company;
For to have a dance we all went away,
And I ask'd my love for to go with me.
Lal de, &c.

She promised to go with me,
And to wait on me till I was free;
But her mother swears she will her destroy,
If she goes along with a prentice boy.
Lal de, &c.

When I got her to the company there,
My spirits being in good cheer;
And when I gave her the parting kiss,
I stole her heart, what think ye of this?
Lal de, &c.

When her old lover return'd from sea,
She told him she was engag'd with me;
So you may court who you will for me,
For yon's the boy when he gets free.
Lal de, &c.

Although you are a second mate,
On my prentice boy I choose to wait,
I think it my pride and my only joy,
To drink a health to my prentice boy.
De lal de, &c.

Come all apprentices where e'er you be,
Don't slight your old loves when you are free,

But love them dearly as you love your life,
Do as I've done, make them your wife.
Lal de, &c.

Within a Mile of Edinburgh.

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,
In the rosy time of the year,
Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was dow ,
And each shepherd woo'd his dear:
Bonny Jockey, blithe and gay,
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay:
The lassie blush'd, and frowning cry'd,
No, no, it will not do;
I canna, canna, winna, winna, manna buckle to

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
Though long he had followed the lass;
Contented she earn'd, and eat her brown bre
And merrily turn'd up the grass:
Bonny Jockey, blithe and free,
Won her heart right merrily:
Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cry'd,
No, no, it will not do,
I canna, canna, winna, winna, manna buckle too.

But when he vow'd he would make her his bride,
Though his flocks and herds were not few,
She gave him her hand and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true:

Benny Jockey, blithe and free,
Won her heart right merrily;
At church she no more frowning [illegible],
No, no, it will not do,
I canna, canna, winna, winna, manna buckle too.

Donald o' Dundee.

YOung Donald is the blytheſt lad,
That e'er made love to me,
When he is by my heart is glad,
He's ay ſo blythe and free:
When on his pipe he play's ſo ſweet,
And in his plaid he looks ſo neat,
It cheers my heart at e'en to meet
Young Donald o' Dundee.

Whene'er I ſang to yonder grove,
Young Sandy follows me,
And fain he wants to be my love,
But ah! it cannot be,
Though mither frets baith ſoon and late,
To wed this youth I hate;
There's nane need hope to gain young Kate,
But Donald o' Dundee.

When laſt we rang'd the banks of Tay,
The ring he ſhew'd to me,
And bad me name the bridal day,
Then happy he would be.
I ken the youth will ay prove kind,
Nae mair my mither will I mind,
Meſs-John to me ſhall quickly bind
Young Donald o' Dundee.